

Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—counting the best blood-purifying, alterative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and perfect cures of all humors and all ailments, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings and building up the whole system—is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

"I was troubled with scrofula and came near losing my eyesight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see to walk, and when I had taken eight bottles I could see as well as ever."—FRED A. HAINSTON, Withers, N. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keep the promise.

A Domestic Mystery.

Mr. Binks—Something queer about Binks. He has never once mentioned his wife.

Mr. Binks—Perhaps he isn't married.

Mr. Binks—Oh, yes, he is. He wears out three pairs of shoes a month trying to save car fare.—New York Weekly.

The Price of Admission.

The only son had reached the histrionic period in his career, and was indulging in a juvenile edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His mother's drawing room was converted into a temporary theater, and with a view, perhaps, of playing only to exclusive audiences, this notice was posted over the door:

"Ladies and gentlemen under 13 years may come in; those that are not cannot."—New York Evening Post.

RECTOR HE TOOK VOGEL'S.

He could not touch his wife's dinner and they were "Fit for a King."

Mr. Frank Chambers, of 9 Bennett St., Chiswick: "For over two years I suffered agonies from indigestion, and became reduced to a mere shadow of my stalwart self. I would return home from my business feeling so faint that I could hardly drag one leg after the other; my dear wife did all she possibly could to tempt me with dainty dishes, and I entered the house I sniffed and thought: 'Oh, how good; I can eat that.' But alas! no sooner had I eaten a few mouthfuls, when I felt sick; severe pains shot through my chest and shoulder blades, my eyes swam and everything seemed black. I became alternately hot and cold, and got up from such a dainty dinner heartily sick of living, and feeling I was a sore trial to everybody. I may mention that I was also very much troubled with a scaly skin, and often boils. But one evening I noticed my wife seemed more cheerful than usual. I questioned her and found she had been reading a pamphlet she had received, of men afflicted just as I was, and who had been cured by Vogel's Compound. Said she, 'What gives me more faith in it is that it is made from the formula of an eminent physician now in active practice in the West End of London, so I am sure it is no quack thing.' 'All right, dear, let's have a bottle, said I. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt very much better, and determined to give this remedy a fair trial, and I can positively assure you that a few bottles have made a new man of me. I can sleep well, eat anything and thoroughly enjoy life. I have told several of my friends, whom I knew were suffering the same as myself, and all they wish me to say that they are like new men. I sincerely bless the great physician who gave you the formula of Vogel's Curative Compound, and also yourselves for making its virtues known to a suffering public." The proprietors, Dr. J. C. Jacobs, Ltd., Baltimore, will send a sample free to any one writing to them.

An Obstacle.

"There is always room at the top," said the Good Adviser.

"Indeed, yes," answered the Unfortunate Person, "but the elevator is not always running."

Rheumatism

Rheumatic pains are the cries of protest and distress from tortured muscles, aching joints and excited nerves. The blood has been poisoned by the accumulation of waste matter in the system, and can no longer supply the pure and health sustaining food they require. The whole system feels the effect of this acid poison; and until the blood has been purified and brought back to a healthy condition will the aches and pains cease.

Mrs. James Kell, of 707 Ninth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that I became completely prostrate. The attack was unusually severe and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. I was attended by one of the most able doctors in Washington, who also a member of the faculty of a leading medical college here. He told me that I would never get well. After having tried twice without receiving the slightest benefit, I decided to try S. S. S. (S. S. S. Specific). Having heard of S. S. S. (S. S. S. Specific) and after I had taken a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon thereafter had no use for them at all. S. S. S. has cured me and all the distressing pains have left me. My appetite has returned and I am happy to be again restored to perfect health."

SSS

the great vegetable purifier and tonic, is the ideal remedy in all rheumatic troubles. There are no opiates or minerals in it to disturb the digestion and lead to ruinous habits.

We have prepared a special book on Rheumatism which every sufferer from this painful disease should read. It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind in existence. It will be sent free to any one desiring it. Write our physicians fully and freely about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

THE S. S. S. SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Head, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and all other ailments. It is the only medicine that cures all these ailments. It is the only medicine that cures all these ailments. It is the only medicine that cures all these ailments.

CONSUMPTION

AN UNCROWNED KING.

CECIL RHODES, EMPIRE BUILDER OF SOUTH AFRICA.

He Was One of the Most Masterful Characters Since the Days of Napoleon—His Great Achievements and His Greater Ambition.

Not since the days of Napoleon has civilization seen such a masterful character as Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, who died in Cape Town, South Africa. He possessed a Napoleonic ambition, a titanic energy and a powerful intellect and, like his great prototype, the Corsican, he had a supreme contempt for right, justice and humanity. His was the plotting that embroiled Great Britain and the Boers in the merciless struggle which is drowning the African veldt in blood. He it was who directed the Jameson raid. Both were in line with his ambition—to create a confederate South Africa under the British flag, and of this new commonwealth he was to be the head.

Rhodes was the son of an English rector and went to South Africa a quarter of a century ago for the benefit of his health. His health was restored and he made money at the Kimberley diamond mines, ultimately combining all the varied and warring interests under the title of the De Beers Mining Company, of which he became President. In 1880 he became prime minister of Cape Colony and then he embarked on his scheme of conquest. He formed the British South African Company, a trading and exploring concern, which was permitted an absolutely free hand in South Africa. Rhodes raised the cry of Africa for the Afrikaners, which gained Dutch support, while his avowed determination to paint all of South Africa a British red appealed to and fired the British imagination. He projected the Cape to Cairo Railroad and crept round the Dutch States of South Africa, boring his way northward and pre-empting league after league of fertile soil. His

soldiers streamed through Bechuanaland, which he practically wrested from the Boers. He seized Mafeking. His machine guns piled the plains of Matabeleland high with dead natives and by similar arguments of force or provinces, the whole being now included under the general term Rhodesia, came under the sway of the chartered company, which was identical with Rhodes.

His Napoleonic Ambition.

It is probable that at the beginning Rhodes conceived only of a British South African empire. But his ambition grew and when the Cape to Cairo Railroad was projected his view embraced an empire extending from the Mediterranean sea to the Cape of Good Hope, embracing the lands of the Faraos, the territory of the Mahdi, the almost unexplored region in which the Nile has its many sources and on down beyond the great lakes and across the veldt to Table Bay, where the warships of Great Britain tug at their anchors. Truly a Napoleonic conception and a Napoleonic task.

As said, the infamous Jameson raid and the war with the Boers were in furtherance of his daring scheme. When the Boers were subdued then Rhodes would resume his empire building without opposition. But he has died too soon.

Rhodes was enormously wealthy before the Boer war, and although his interests suffered as a consequence of that struggle he is credited with having left a fortune approximating \$100,000,000. But he never sought wealth for itself. He was covetous of the power that wealth gives and he was generous with his money. Once he was shocked England during the heat of the Land League agitation by contributing \$50,000 to the Irish Home Rule fund. When criticized he turned on his critics, told them to study the American constitution and learn how to govern Ireland. He believed in a vast federation under the British flag, with the most liberal form of government in each separate State, and thus his home rule proclivities were natural and inevitable. He was a great admirer of the United States. Its immensity and success attracted him.

Rhodes was simple in his tastes. If, among kings, he was also a farmer among farmers, and among the Cape Dutch and Boers such a metropolitan as the necessary stepping stone to the hearts and votes of that numerous people.

When he was in the Cape Parliament, Mr. Rhodes wore a hat which was so shabby that it became the subject of newspaper importance. When he was in Rhodesia he donned the oldest suit of clothing in his wardrobe, and followed the habits of the pioneers who were settling the country. He slept in a native kraal when not near a town, and ate of the same canned beef and crackers that his Chartered Company served to its mounted police. Formally bored him, and he would rather live a month coatless and collarless in a native kraal than spend half an hour at a state dinner in the governor's mansion.

Rhodes was too strong in character to stoop to a lie. He shouldered the full responsibility for the Jameson raid, and when his friends asked him to be discreet and guarded in his utterances, he replied: "I am not going to lie about it." The conviction and sentence of

times he lends a helping hand to pulling a steer from the mud; again he will assist in building a shed for the fattened hogs.

A Diplomatic Warlock.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

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disordered condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The secret of our portraiture in this month, Mrs. Williams of Englishman, N. H., had been entirely cured of such distress and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

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"Threatening, was he?"

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Which is Old Mexico.

The ancient Mexicans had a species of whistling which produced at least three notes. It had two finger holes and a mouthpiece on the side.

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"Not a bit. My husband says it will be ready by a sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy."

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"With pleasure," replied the warden, who had once worked in a dry goods store. "We have a few things in stripes that I think will interest you."

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Miss Wiggins—Really, Mr. Cadleigh, you've had nearly all so far, and

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N. E. N. E. No. 17—1902.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

WHOLE TOWN ON ONE STUMP.



On and around a red cedar stump is grouped the entire male population of the town of Sedro, Wash. Sitting and standing on top of the stump are 38 full grown men and one little girl. There is ample room on top of the stump for all the men in sight, but if placed there some of them would be out of sight. It is thoroughly interesting to note that this huge stump is 100 feet in circumference, making it a fit associate for the mighty redwood of California. To give a good idea of the timber growth in the vicinity of this wonderful stump, it may be stated that there are many stumps in the vicinity of this one that are 50 to 60 feet in circumference.

Dr. Jameson, the leader of the raid, pained him greatly and drew from him this biting sarcasm: "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation that has 'jumped the world!'"

Rhodes was never married. He was said to have been a woman-hater, and way he never had time or inclination for the soft side of life. He was proud, cold, daring, audacity itself, and he heaved toward the goal of his ambition without a deterring sentiment of either morals or mercy.

THE PRIEST AND THE SCRIBE.

Sporting Reporter's Troubles Trying to Describe a Church Ceremony.

"One of the most amazing things that I have noticed in the conduct of newspaper," said a prominent Roman Catholic clergyman of this diocese, "is talking with a Sunday Irish Ocean porter the other day, 'Is the absolute ignorance of our church matters that the average reporter detailed to write of them exhibits. One would suppose that the papers would select men for such duties who were qualified for the work by reason of being members of the church, or who at least had some general store of information as to enable them to approach their assignment with the spirit of intelligence. The reverse seems, however, to be the rule."

"I am impelled to make this criticism by an experience that I had at the Holy Name Cathedral a short time ago. There was an imposing church ceremony to take place in which I was to take part with scores of other priests of the archdiocese. A short time before the services were to begin a reporter for one of the papers came up to the parish-house for information, and, seeing me there, asked me to tell him in advance just what was going to be done. I sat down and he pulled out his pad of paper and began to take notes. In my description of the ceremonies I mentioned the acolytes. He stopped his writing and looked up at me with a puzzled expression.

"How do you spell that?" he asked. "I told him not to put it down. Then he looked up again and asked: 'Say, what are acolytes, anyhow?'"

"Briefly, I told him what acolytes are, and then went on with my description of the ceremonies. In doing so I mentioned that the brothers were to take a certain part. Again the reporter looked up and asked: 'Say, what brothers?'"

"I gave him a brief explanation of the brothers, and he took it all in. When I had concluded he fired another question at me: 'Say, what's the difference between the brothers and the priests?'"

"It was now my turn to ask questions, and I did so. 'What is this, now?' A theological class? I inquired. 'What kind of work do you do for your paper, young man?' Horse races?"

"Mostly sporting," he answered, and in the least abashed. 'I never tackled a proposition like this before, and it is just so much Greek to me. Sporting news is pretty dull just now, so they sent me out on this.'"

"He was so frank about the matter and realized his own limitations so well that I couldn't feel angry with him, and actually had to laugh at the bewildered air with which he approached the whole matter. I told him up as well as I could, but never had the courage to look at the report that his paper printed."—Chicago Irish Ocean.

OWNS THE LARGEST FARM.

Wonderful Records of This Year's Work at Tarkio, Mo.

David Rankin of Tarkio, Mo., owns the largest cultivated tract of land in the world. To those who have never visited a large ranch the methods necessary to carry on the vast amount of work would seem a great problem. Mr. Rankin owns fourteen ranches, containing 22,000 acres; 700 teams and 220 men are required to operate the daily routine work in the busy season, while the crops are under cultivation. Each ranch has an overseer, who is required to make a monthly report to and submit the same to his employer.

The records of year's work for 1901 over all the ranches show that a total of 7,539 head of cattle had been sold for \$172,520 and 8,249 head of hogs for \$111,846. The total clearance for the year amounted to \$100,000. The expenses, including interest, reached the sum of \$91,851.12.

The most profitable ranch is the one looked after by Foreman George Ross, whose yearly report contains the following statements: Number of acres, 3,280; cattle, 1,328; net proceeds from cattle, \$44,598.90; hogs, 1,232; cash for the same, \$17,564.19; expense per acre, \$4.39; corn bought, 98,729 bushels.

Mr. Rankin is a close observer, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and soon picks out the good qualities of his men. He is pleasant and accommodating, daring and energetic, which qualities have won for him the wealth he now commands. Besides his farms he has an interest in several banking concerns, but to these latter he gives little attention, and spends most of his time riding over the ranches to see that proper care is being given the stock. Some-

Pen Picture for Women.

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Interesting.

He—Do you find it an interesting story?"

She—Oh, very. I'm so anxious to get to the end that, really, I can't help skipping nearly every other page."

To Mrs. Brooklyn, from Hubby.

"My husband is going to give me this portrait for a birthday present."

"That's very kind of him."

"Oh, but he doesn't know about it yet."—Brooklyn Life.

Used to Carrying a Load.

Papa—Are you sure you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?"

The Suitor—Well, I will only say that yesterday I disposed of my automobile, which I kept in good repair for over two years.

Papa (brokenly)—She is yours, my boy. I, too, once owned an auto.—Brooklyn Life.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after five days' use of Dr. Williams' Great Nerve Restorer. See for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KALIS, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Bad.

First Author—Stackson's is a case of where a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Second Author—In what way?

"Why, he knows just enough of history to unfit him for being a historical novelist."—Brooklyn Life.

Lame back makes a young man feel old. Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. See your druggist.

Foolish Man.

"So Markley is dead."

"Yes, it was a complication of troubles."

"Why, when I saw him a week ago he only seemed to have a slight cold."

"That's all right, but he tried to take all the remedies his friends suggested."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

In the Land of Dreams.

Hetty—Oh, Bertha, you must show me that hat your husband said he was going to buy for you. The last time I was here, you know, he said it was a dream.

Bertha—And it is still a dream, Hetty.—Tit-Bits.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It makes light or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Decollete.

Jimson—Did you see the society buds at the reception last night?"